

A ~~Play~~
Duke and no Duke.

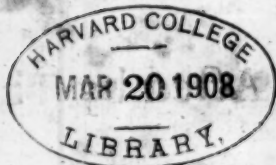
As it is Acted by Their
Majesties Servants.

To which is now added,
A P R E F A C E concerning *Farce* :
With an Account of the *Personæ*
and *Larvæ*, &c. Of the Ancient
T H E A T R E.

By N. T A T E,
S E R V A N T to Their M A J E S T I E S.

L O N D O N :

Printed for *Henry Bonwicke*, at the *Red-Lion* in *St. Paul's*
Church-Yard, 1693.



Gift of
Frank G. Thomson
of Philadelphia

T H E

P R E F A C E.

BOTH *Italy* and *France* have swarm'd with Critiques upon the Business of the Stage, and trac'd it's History up to *Thespis's* Cart. The *Mimica Satyra Tragedia Comædia* have been thoroughly canvass'd. A Man might almost conjure with their *Planipedes*, *Attalanae*, *Prætextatæ*, *Tabernariæ*, &c. Distinctions, Divisions and Subdivisions, but amongst them All not one word of a Farce. None have taken into Consideration, or condescended to tell us, whether the *Trappolin*, *Scapin*, *Harlequin* or *Scaramouch* be Originals ; or if *France* be a Species of Stage-Poetry unknown to the Ancients. This Subject therefore being yet untouch'd, and the Bookseller having occasion to re-print this short Play, I thought it worth the business of a Preface to speak my Sentiments of the matter, though but to provoke some Learned Person to clear the Doubt, and set the Question in a true Light.

In order to this Enquiry, 'twill be proper first to speak something of those Stage-Properties or Implements called *Personæ* and *Larvæ*, used by Players of former Times ; for *Harlequin* was not the first that acted in a Vizard.

Athanasius in his Twelfth Book mentions one *Aristophanes* of *Byzantium*, with several others, who had written particularly on this Subject. Amongst Latin Writers *Anton. Codr. Vrc.* is said to have published an Elegant Epistle concerning this matter. *Cælius Calpagn.* in his Book Entituled,

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led, *Personati*, speaks pretty home to the Point; and above the Learned *Bullinger*, lib. 1. de *Theatro*.

But I meet with enough for my purpose in the *Syntagm.* of *Marischott*, who, for the benefit of most Readers, contents himself with citing the Latin Version of *Lucian**, and others, which

* *De Personis*
Et *Lauois*.

I have so transcribed on occasion as I there found them. Neither can my Abstract of his Book seem needless, because the Treatise it self having been only Printed in *Italy*, is scarce to be met with in *England*.

'Tis agreed that the Word *Persona* in a restrained Sense signifies only the Vizard or Counterfeit Face worn by the Actor: But in larger and more frequent Acceptation, the whole Habit or Dress of Him that enter'd the Scene; which (under the Reign of Old Comedy) was contrived exactly like the usual wearing Garb of some Person whom they had a mind to represent upon the Stage. An Instance hereof against no less a Person than *Socrates* we find described at large by *Ælian*. The Substance of the Story is this: That *Aristophanes* in his *vepeλxι* represented both the Figure, Gesture and Habit of *Socrates*, with which Spectacle the *Athenians* were at first surprized. However, the common sort presently expressed their Applause. *Socrates* himself being then amongst the Audience, not by chance but design, and seated where he might be most exposed to view, encountring with his grave, steddly and unconcerned Countenance at once the Mimickry of the Actor, and Rallery of the Poet.

But whether the Stage-dresses and Masks were made in Imitation of some particular Person, or contrived by Humour and Fancy, as might be most agreeable to the Fable, (in which they always observed a *Decorum*.) 'Tis evident, says my Author, that they never enter'd the Scene *nisi Personis induti*.

But who was the first Inventor of them is a matter of no small Dispute. They appear to be as ancient as the Practice of

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of Plays and Drolls themselves, which were of as old a date as the Worship of *Bacchus*, or perhaps any other Gods. That this manner of Celebrating the Rites of *Bacchus* was in use not only among the *Thracians* and *Greeks*, but also very frequent and ancient among the *Latins*. We have evident Proof from *Virgil's Georgicks, Lib. 11.* with a most Elegant Description of the *Personæ* in these Words:

—*Baccho caper omnibus Aris*

Cæditur & veteres ineunt proscenia Ludi :
Præmiaque ingentes pagos & compita circum
Theſida poſuere, atque inter pocula læti
Mollibus in pratis multos ſalire per utres ;
Nec non Auſonii Trojæ genus miſſa celoni
Verſibus incomptis ludunt, riſuque ſoluto
Oraque corticibus ſumunt borrenda cavatis.

Quid hints almost as much in the *Minores Quinquatrus* celebrated in Honour of *Minerva*.

Et jam Quinquatrus jubeor narrare minores
Huc ades O cæptis flava Minerva meis ;
Cur vagus incedat tota tibicen in urbe.
Quid ſibi Perſonæ, quid Toga piſta velint.

Suidas affirms *Charilus* the *Athenian* to have been the fiſt that erected a Stage, and uſed the *Larva* ; yet ellewhere (according to *Diomedes* and other *Greek Writers*) he makes *Theſpis* Inventor of the *Perſona*, who at fiſt diſcoloured his Face with Vermilion, before he came to uſe the Juyc of Purſlane ; or, according to *Horace*, the Lees of Wine.

— *Plauſtris vexiſſe Poemata Theſpis*
Quæ canerent agerentur perunclis ſacibus ora.

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This Practice, and *Carishow's* of *Thespis* were performed about the 56th Olympiad. Others give the Honour of this Invention to *Æschylus*, and presume that they have likewise *Horace's* Word for their Opinion.

Post hunc Personæ pallæq; repertor honestæ
Æschylus —

But *Horace* is still consistent, if rightly understood; for he does not affirm *Æschylus* to be the absolute Inventor of the *Persona*, but of the *Persona Honesta*, of more graceful Masks and Habits than were contrived by others; for which Reason we may suppose, as *Philostratus* relates, this *Æschylus* was called the Father of Tragedy. After *Æschylus* Stage-Habits for Women were also invented by *Phrynicius*.

Amongst the *Romans* till *Livius Andronicus* his Time, the *Galeri* and not *Personæ* were used upon the Stage; and *Snidas* will have *Rosciius Gallus* to be the first that brought the *Personæ* into custom with the *Romans*: But *Donatus* tells us, that *Minutius* and *Prothonius* were the first Players that Acted Tragedy, *Personati*: Which Fashion afterwards obtained that Degree, that *Nero Cæsar* himself is recorded by *Suetonius* to have appeared in such Dresses upon the open Stage. *Tragædias cantaverit Personatus; Herdum Deorumque item heroidum & Dearum, Personis effudit.* That pompous and splendid Dresses were proper for Tragedy, both *Pollux* and *Donatus* affirm.

Next to Tragedy came Satyr, which was but a Species of the former, as appears by the *Cyclops* of *Euripides*. This sort of *Dramma* (though less practised as the World grew more civilized) had also it's peculiar *Personæ* or *χρηματισμῆς*, made of Goats Skins and Hides, and other Beasts, which are described by *Dyonisius*, *Pollux* and *Causabon*.

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The personal Habits used in the Licentious *Comidiaævetus* were contrived (as we instanced) to represent particular Persons, * which therefore could be no constant or fix'd Garb; For *Suidas* says expressly, ἐν τῷ ᾧ τοῖς κωμικοῖς, &c.--- That is, *Moris fuit ut Comici Personas Historionibus darent eorum similes quos imitarentur.* Horace alludes to the same Custom, *Sat. 4. L. 1.--- Quivis Stomacheter eodem quo personatus Pater.* Their resembling Dresses (says the *Scholiast* upon *Aristoph.*) were so aptly contrived, that the Spectators knew what Person the Actor mimick'd at his first appearance, before he spoke a Word. While *Athens* was a popular State, the Rabble were so much delighted with these Representations of particular Men, that *Isocrates* complains they would run to those Entertainments from their Orators, while they were haranguing upon Matters of greatest Importance to the Publick. 'Tis true, this Practice of exposing Men upon the Stage, was at its beginning more justifiable, while confin'd to those Limits mentioned by *Horace*,

*Si quis erat dignus describi quod malus aut fur,
Quod Mæchusve foret, aut Sicarius, aut aliqui
Famosus.* —

Nay, it did not a little conduce to the reforming of the State, in deterring Men from Wickedness; upon which *Dionys. Halycarn.* did not stick to * affirm of *Enpolis Cratinus* and *Aristophanes*, that they perform'd the Office of Philosophers and States-men as well as of Poets. But when from representation of evil Men, the Practice declin'd to the Traducing of the Good and Vertuous, and even to the Dishonour of Religion, and ridiculing their very Gods, 'twas high

* *Poet. Lib. c. 4.*
14. *Lib. xi. c. 12.*
14. c. ix. *Morum Charact.*
Ch. 6.

* *Dionys.*
14. *Lib. xi.*

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high time for the Government to take Cognizance of the Matter, and enact Laws to restrain their License.

——— *Lex est accepta Chorusq;
Turpiter Obtinuit Sublato jure nocendi,*
Horace, Art. Poet.

——— *Jam sœvus apartam
In rabiem verti capit jocus & per bonestas,
Ire domos, &c.*

And a little after,

——— *Lex*
Pœnaq; lata malo quæ nollet Carminis quemquam,
Describi. Epist. Lib. 3.

Upon this Regulation succeed the *Media* and *Nova Comedia*, in which the *Personæ ludicræ* & *ad risum accommodatæ* were invented and made familiar to the Stage. One contriv'd a peculiar Habit, when the part of a *Pedagogue* was to be plaid, another of a *Parisite*, others of *Bawds*, *Cooks*, &c. All which are recired by

* In prolegom. ad Terent.

* Lib. 4. c. 19.

* *Donatus*, and more largely by * *Pollux*.

That Comedians acted *Personati* in *Terence* his time appears by an ancient Copy of that Author preserved in the *Vatican*, where Figures are drawn of the Actors in the Play, as they were *Larvati* and *Personati*.

'Tis impossible for us to conceive the Art and Curiosity in the Contrivance and Making of these Shapes, in which these Players acted, or how much the Player himself was sometimes enamour'd on his *Persona*, or Stage-dress, attributing his Success and Theatrical Applause to the Semblance in which he acted. As to this Particular, *Pliny* has given us an Instance of memorable Event in his Natural History,

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story, *Lib. 8. cap. 43.* speaking of *M. Opilius Hilarius*. He tells us, That this Actor having wonderfully pleas'd the People in performance of a certain Part; He invited his Friends to a Treat upon his Birth-day, and this Shape in which he succeeded so well being brought into his sight, he pull'd off his banqueting Wreath from his Head to put it upon the Figure, which he survey'd with such Pleasure, that he lost his Sense, grew stiff and cold, and unperceived by the Company, expir'd with Transport.

Hitherto we have discoursed of the *Persona* in the larger Acceptation, as it signified amongst them, the intire Stage-Habit. But must acknowledge that it was sometimes taken in a more restrain'd Sense, and used by Actors for only the *Larva* or Vizard, as the *Larva* again is sometimes mentioned to express the *Persona* intire.

Martial uses the Word for a Border or Perriwigg, *Epigr. 43. Lib. 3.*

*Mentiris juvenem tinctis Lentine capillis,
Tam subito Corvus, qui modo cignus eras;
Non omnes fallis, scit te Proserpina canum,
Personam capiti detraheth illa tuo.*

But *Seneca* expressly for a Mask or Vizard, *Quid tantopere te supinat? Quid Vultum habitumq; oris prævertit ut malis habere Personam quam faciem.*

The Advantages of using these *Persona* or Disguises on the Stage were, in Comedy, that they might first have Resemblance to the Person imitated, and afterwards adapted for Humour, and to excite Mirth; besides the Consulting the Decency of the Actors, who were in those Days generally

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† Yet Nero that Monster
having compell'd Noblemen to
act Parts in a Play, he Com-
manded them to pull off their
Vizards on the Stage, *Histio-*
num apparatu eos patefaci-
ens Hominibus apud quos
ipfi paulò ante Magistratum
gesserant.

* Lucian de Salt descri-
bing the Mimick-Mask, says
it was Larva pulcherrima,
Quæ non immane hint ut
Tragica.

rally too modest to Act barefac'd,
† and in usual Habits. In Tragedy
the Dress assisted to the Pomp and
Show. The Tragedian's Vizard
making the Voice to come forth
more sonorous, being made with a
larger * Mouth that seem *Hiare*
as the Actor spoke, which I could
almost suppose *Perfius* to hint at in
that Verse,

Fabula seu mæsto ponatur bianda Tragedo.

The Convenience of these Disguises on other occasions, as
in Interludes at Sacred Rites (as they call'd them) is ma-
nifest from *Servius* on our fore-cited place
of * *Virgil*, *Quia necesse erat pro rationis Sa-*
crorum aliqua ludicra & turpia fieri quibus
populo possit risus Moveri, qui ea exercebant,
propter verecundiam remedium hoc adhibue-
runt, ne agnoscerentur.

Yet were not Disguises Masks and Maskers, employ'd
only in the Service of the Theatre and Temples, but pro-
miscuouſly used by the Ancients on many other occasions,
as in Triumphs, Feasts, Marriages, Funerals, &c. the Hi-
story whereof would be furnish'd with many entertaining
Circumstances; but I must remember that I am confin'd
to the scanty Limits of a Preface.

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The good Uses that have been made of Vizards and Counterfeit-Habits, without the compass of the Theatre would make no small Collection, but the Abuses of them much greater. This would afford more Horror than Diversion. The yearly Harvest of Wick- edness, and evil Consequences occasion'd by the Carnival at *Venice*, give too sufficient Proofs of the Mis- chief. *Larvati* took their Appellation from *Larva*, a Vizard; and *Larva* from the *Lares*, whom the Anci- ents supposed to possess Men's Minds with Madness. This was ascribed as peculiar to those Powers. Can there be greater Demonstration of Distraction and Frenzy of all sorts, than in the Impious Practices and Debaucheries at the fore-mentioned Festival? Can all their Mortifications of the ensuing *Lent* make any to- lerable Amends for the Lewdness then committed? Has the Devil at any time such a Jubilee, where Vice like an Infernal *Cebele* sees all her black Offspring assembled together? What are the effects of this Masquerade, but Whoredoms, Adulteries, Incests, Brawls, Murders, and a general Corruption of Manners. *Pollydor.* re- cites it to the Honour of our *English* Ancestors, that they had Law in force against Masqueradings. *Capitale fuisse si quis personam induisset. De Rev. Invent. l. 5. c. 2. Ludovicus vivex, lib. de Christianâ Fæminâ*, thinks he did the Masquerading Ladies no wrong, in affirming, that *detrimentum quod sub Personâ earum accepit vere- cundia citra personam se proferat & ostendat*. That they proved after wearing those Disguises just as modest out of their Masques as they were in them. And honest *Juvenal* civilly puts the Question,

Quem præstare potest mulier Larvata pudorem?

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But restoring these Guises to their proper Owners, the Stage-Players, let us proceed from the Consideration of th *Larva* to our first Enquiry about *Farce*, and whether or no the Ancients had any such Species of Stage-Poetry.

In the first place I would ask the Readers Opinion, if he can suppose any more genuine and natural use of those *Larvæ* or Vizards which we have described, than for Farce-Players, especially if we take in those other Implements mentioned by *Lucian, de Salt.* thus rendred by *Marisch. Mitto adscitia pectora & ventres silitios, adjunctam & arte compositam corporis crassitudinem.* One would almost conclude from this Description of their Stage-Properties, that they could be contrived for nothing but Farce.

I have not yet seen any Definition of Farce, and dare not be the first that ventures to define it. I know not by what Fate it happens (in common Notion) to be the most contemptible sort of the Drama. 'Tis thought to bring least Reputation to an Author. But if the difficulty of the Task were to decide the Case, we should soon alter our Opinion. I would desire him who thinks it an easie thing, to make Tryal of it with all the speed he can, it being such a Work

* *As every man may think to write,*
* *Ld. Rescom. And not without much pains be undecor'd.*
Transl.

The reason of the Difficulty I presume to be this, (and the Undertakers will find it true) That Comedy properly so called, is an Imitation of Humane Life, (*quicquid agunt homines*) and subsists upon Nature; so that whosoever has a Genius to copy her, and will take the Pains, is assured of Success, and all the World affords

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fords him Subject. Whereas the business of Farce extends beyond Nature and Probability. But then there are so few Improbabilities that will appear pleasant in the Representation, that it will strain the best Invention to find them out, and require the nicest Judgment to manage them when they are conceived. Extravagant and monstrous Fancies are but sick Dreams, that rather torment than divert the Mind; but when Extravagancy and Improbability happen to please at all, they do it to purpose, because they strike our Thought with greatest Surprise. But to our Question.

I cannot averr, that the Ancients had Entertainments on the Stage entirely resembling the *Harlequin* and *Scaramouch*, but 'tis highly probable that the Satyrical Diversions and Interludes invented to * relieve the Heaviness of Tragedy were of this Nature. For that they were introduced for Mirth and Rallery, and thereby to help off the serious Action, is expressly told us.

* As the French
now make use of their
Farces.

*Carminē qui tragico vilem certavit ob hircum
Mox etiam egrestēs Satyros nudavit, & asper
Incolumi gravitate, jocos tentavit: eò quod
Illecebris erat & gratā Novitate morandus
Spectator.*

For as Madam le Fevre * says, the Stage-Satyr, or Satyrizing Scenes must by no means be confounded with Satyrique Poems written by *Lucilius*, *Horace*, or Greek Satyrists. The business of the Satyr-Actors was not to lash out into long Invectives, only now and then a Flurt of such harmless Sarcasm as used to be sometimes thrown out by *Harlequin* or *Scaramouch*, because as *Horace* adds,

* In her admirable
Preface to
her Version of
Amphitrio.

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*Ita riores ita commendare dicaces
Conveniet Satyros, &c.*

Which shews they were to keep within Bounds; and what he subjoyns

-----Ita vertere seria ludo.

Seems to emply Drollery, Banter, Buffoonry, Vagaries, Whimsies, which are so many Ingredients of Modern Farce. Nay, I have some where read (though I cannot at present recollect my Author) that their Comick Actors used to deliver what they had to say in various and feigned Tones, which was *Harlequin's* manner.

Nor will this appear unlikely, if we consider particularly the Gesticulations, Tricks, Feats of Activity and wonderful Performances of another sort of Actors whom they called *Mimi* and *Pantomimi*, from their admirable knack at Mimickry; which was not the least of *Harlequin's* and *Scaramouch's* Talents. 'Tis unconceivable how expert these Persons were in humorous Actions, as will appear by a few Testimonies very well worth our mentioning.

Their Performance was so extraordinary, that as *Strabo* informs us, *Lib. 14.* their Art was called *μαγείαι*, their Legerdemain Shifts, Sights and Postures, Magical Arts, *Præstigia*: And further asserts, *Eos quam sapissime argumento è Comædiis desumpto varias personas representasse, nunc fæminæ, nunc lenonis, nunc Adulteri, nunc temulentî.* To which we may add that old Epigram,

*Tot Lingvæ quot membra viro, mirabilis Ars est,
Quæ facit Articulos, ore tacente, loqui.*

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There was no Fable accommodated to the Stage, which these Mute-Actors could not represent by Gestures and Movements of their Body. For as *Lucian* says, *Personis in Scenam introductis, gestibus per omnia responderent, neque ea quæ dicuntur ab introductis optimatibus, aut agricolis, aut mendicis discrepabant sed in unoquoque; illorum proprietas & excellentia demonstrabantur.* In dumb Action and Gestures they could express, and as it were, speak what they pleased. Wherefore * *Tigranes* amongst all the Rarities the World's Imperial City
* Vid. Scalig. Poet. l. 1.
 afforded, begged one of these *Pantomimes* to serve him as it were for an Interpreter to all Nations.

Pantomimus (says *Cassiod.* Var. 4. Epist. ult.) à multifaria imitatione nomen est, idem corpus *Herculem* designat & venerem, sœminam presentat & marem; Regem facit & Militem; Senem reddit & Juvenem ut in uno videas esse multos. And *Lucian* seeing a Pantomime prepare to personate five Representations, cries, That the Mimick seem'd to him to have five Souls, who could exhibit so many Personages with one Body. What was all this but Farce to the Degree of *Harlequin* with his Cloak, whisk'd about, and acting a Windmill.

All this, you'll say, was only Farce of Action, Farce in the Player, nothing on the Poets Part, no Proof that the Ancients had any written Farce.

I will not affirm they had any Stage-Play entirely of *Harlequin* and *Scarramouch's* Cast; but if *Molier's* Comedies come under the Denomination of Farce, (as every body allows) 'tis plain that both the *Greeks* and *Romans* had Farcical Plays. The Comedies of *Aristophanes* and *Plautus* are mostly of this Cut, call them *Palliatae*, *Togatae*, mixt Comedy, low Comedy, or what you will. Their Old Comedy, generally speaking, had the very Air of Farce. *Aristophanes* his *Socrates* Philosophing in a Basket, &c. is as much Farce as any thing in the Character

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of Mr. *Shadwell's Virtuoso*. The Frog and Swimming-Master, Tame Spider, Bottled Air, &c. are not more Humorous and Farcy. *Aristophanes* his *Frogs* were a very *Rehearsal* of those days: As our *Fletcher's Knight of the Burning Pestle* was a sort of *Quixot* on the Stage. Which teaches us, that Farce is not inconsistent with good Sense, because 'tis capable of Satyr, which is Sense with a Vengeance. The *Amphytrio* and *Menæch* of *Plautus* through the whole Contrivance and Course of Accidents are all Farce. They were the Originals of *Shakespeare's* Comedy of *Errours*, and the *Italian Trappoline*. I would not be a Heretick in Poetry, but Reason and Experience convince us, that the best Comedies of *Ben. Johnson* are near a-kin to Farce; nay, the most entertaining parts of them are Farce it self. The *Alchymist* which cannot be read by any sensible Man without Astonishment, is Farce from the opening of the First Scene to the end of the Intreigue. 'Tis Farce, but such Farce as bequeaths that Blessing (pronounced by *Horace*) on him that shall attempt the like.

—————*Sudet multum frustra; laboret.*
Ausus idem.

The whole business is carry'd on with Shuffles, Sham and Banter, to the greatest degree of Pleasantness in the World. For Farce (in the Notion I have of it) may admit of most admirable Plot, as well as subsist sometimes without it. Nay, it has it's several Species or Distinctions as well as Comedy amongst the *Romans Stataria mixta*, &c. but still 'twas Comedy. So Comedy may admit of Humour, which is a great Province of Farce; but then it might be such Humour as comes within compass of Nature and Probability: For where it exceeds these Bounds it becomes Farce. Which Freedom I would allow

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low a Poet, and thank him into the Bargain, provided he has the Judgment so to manage his Excursion, as to heighten my Mirth without too grossly shocking my Senses. I cannot call to mind one Humour in all *Terence's* Plays, but what he might have taken by Observation, all lies within the Compass of Conversation; but therefore *Cæsar* (amidst all his Beauties and Excellencies) says he, wants the *Vis Comica*, which made *Plautus* so diverting. There is so much said for these two Authors by their respective Admirers, that a Man knows not where to give the Preference. All that I would presume to say, is, That I esteem them both admirable in their way; that one chose to write pure Comedy in the strictest Notion, and the other liberty of extending Comedy sometimes into Farce; and each got his Point, *Terence* of being exact, and *Plautus* pleasant. Neat *Terence*, witty *Plautus*, says our greatest Master of Comedy, who scorn'd not to Copy sometimes from the Ancients; yet for one Hint he has taken from *Terence*, he has borrowed three from *Plautus*. I will instance only that pleasant Passage in his *Alchymist*, where the Confederates banter and play upon *Surly* disguised like a *Spanish Don*, not supposing that he understood them. We find the same Humour in the *Pænulus* of *Plautus*, where the old *Carthaginian* speaks in the *Punick* Language; *Milphio* a *Roman* Servant plays the wagg, and drolls upon him, under pretence of interpreting for him; the Stranger suffers him to run himself out of breath with his Ribaldry, and then surprizes him with thundring out as good Latin as the best of them could speak. *Vulpone's* playing the Mountebank in the *Fox* is Farce; and Sir *Politick's* turning himself into a Tortoise. This Passage however is undiverting, which proves (as I said) the Nicety of Judgment required in managing Improbabilities. Had this
been

* Ben. Johnson's
Verses on Shakespear.

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been told to the Audience like other Projects which are only recited, it might have made a pleasant Relation.

Now if we enquire into the best of our Modern Comedies, we should find the most diverting parts of them to be Farce, or near a kin to it. *Remembrancer John* in the *Cutter*, *Sir Martin* turn'd East-India Gentleman, the Tryal Scene in the *Spanish Fryar*, where *Gomes* menac'd by the Colonel in dumb shew, runs Counter in his Evidence, says and unsays in a Breath, till he confounds himself and the Court. Such Pleasantry as this is I cannot think below it's great Author, who in the Serious Scenes of the same Play, has shewn us the Refinedness and Perfection

of the *English* Style. *Quintilian*, speaking of *Repartees*, after these Words, * *Longè venustiora omnia in respondendo quam in provocando*; That more Wit's required to retort a Jest than to break one, adds this Expression, *Accedit difficultati quod ejus rei nulla exercitatio est, nulli præceptores*. The same may be said of Farce; there are no Rules to be prescribed for that sort of Wit, no Patterns to Copy, 'tis altogether the Creature of Imagination. And our *English Mecænas* (to whose Judgment the Muses willingly subscribe) has declared that he approves *Genius* and *Invention* beyond the best Performances of *Imitation*. Such is the Farce-Writers Task. Neither can I assume any thing to my self by the Preference I have given to Farce on account of the *Trapoline*, which I only new-modell'd: I pretend but to have Improv'd what I would be proud to have Invented.

PROLOGUE.

PROLOGUE

Written by a Friend of the Author's
Upon the first Drinking of Islington Water.

Gallants,

W Ho would have thought to have seen so many here,
At such a rambling Season of the Tear;
And, what's more strange, All well and Sound, to the Eye!
Pray Gentlemen forgive me if I Lie.
I thought this Season to have turn'd Physician,
But now I see small hopes in that condition:
Yet how if I should hire a Black Flower'd Jump,
And ply at Islington, Doctor to Sadler's Pump?
But first let me consult old Erra Pater,
And see what he advises in the matter.

Let's see——

Venus and Mars, I find in Aries are,
In the Ninth House----a dull dry Bobbing Tear.
The Price of Mutton, will run high, 'tis thought,
And Vizard Masks will fall to ten a Groat.
The Moon's in Scorpio's House or Capricorns,
Friends of the City govern well your Horns:
Your Wives will have a mighty Trade this Quarter,
I find they'l never leave their Natural Charter.
For once take my Advice as a true Friend,
When they a Walk to the new Wells pretend.
If you'll avoid your Fate quick hasten after,
They use more ways to Cool, than Drinking Water.

The

The Persons.

Lavinio, The Great Duke of *Tuscany*.

Brunetto, alias *Horatio*, Prince of *Savoy*.

Barberino. }
Alberto. } Lords, Councillors to *Lavinio*.

Trappolin. } A Parasite, Pimp, Fidler, and Buffoon,
 } transform'd by Magick, and Usurper
 } to *Lavinio*.

Mago. A Conjuror.

Captain of the Guards.

Isabella. The Dutcheß.

Prudentia. Sister to *Lavinio*.

Flametta. *Trappolin's* Sweet-heart.

Women. *Puritan*. *Embassadours*.

Servants and Attendants.

The SCENE FLORENCE.

A

Duke and no Duke.

ACT I.

Trappolin and Flametta

Trap. F O R ever thine *Flametta*.

Fla. Thanks my Dear.

But am not I a fond Fool to believe you,
When you have been from me these two long
days?

I'm sensible I love you but too well,
For truly Dear you are a naughty man.

Trap. Pretty Rogue! how she fires my heart! now could I cry
like any roasted Lobster.—What would old Lord *Barberino*
give for one such kind word from her. But young and poor as
she is, she is yet most constant and Virtuous.—Not that I care
much for Virtue neither.—Alas my Dear, I have been much
oppressed with Business since I saw thee. My Honour was at stake
for procuring Convenients for no less than five Ministers of
State. It's been dead trading of late, but 'tis a comfort to see
times mend, now we are upon our Matrimony.

Fla. Let me Conjure you leave these vitious courses,
You must indeed, or we must never marry;
But you will be my Convert and Reform.

Trap. All in good time Love; it becomes me to see my Bet-
ters go before me, when I do mend I shall certainly do it to pur-
pose.

B

pose, I am so long about it.——In the mean time I give thee leave to be honest, and I think that's fair.——

Enter Barberino and Officers.

Whole here my Rival Lord ?

Barb. Here is the Villain with his handsome Wench,
And what (afflicts me more) an honest One ;
I have these many weeks attempted her,
But neither Threats nor Presents can prevail,
She must be virtuous, or her Poverty
Could ne'r withstand the Offers I have made ;
Yet were she virtuous she would ne'r allow
This wicked Pandar so familiar with her ;
This Fidling Parasite, Buffoon and Beggar :
But on pretence of his enormities,
I have procur'd this Order from the Duke
For his immediate banishment from *Florence*.
Most certainly, he bears some Spell about him,
And when he's once remov'd, I shall succeed.

Trap. Again my Dear——My good Lord Barberino, your
Honours humble Servant.——For this free Promise, Love, I
ne'er enough can thank Thee——*Your Lordships to com-*
mand——No Fortune shall divide or change our Wills.——*Your*
Honours humble Slave——What's Wealth or Power where
Hearts consent like ours ? ——*Your Lordships Vassal*——
When thou dost sigh, thy *Trappolin* shall weep.——*Your*
Honour always shall Command Me——And when thou
sings't——

Fla. We are observ'd.
Learn to be honest, and I am Thine for ever. *[Exit.*

Trap. I beg your Lordships pardon. Your Lordship saw how
I was employ'd. The poor wretch has taken a Fancy to me,
and your Lordship knows I am a Person of liberal Education :
That I bear not a Breast of Flint, nor was Nurs't with the Milk
of *Hircanian* Bulls. Now if your Lordship has any thing to
Command me, here I stand ready, *I'll do Trappolino*, your Ho-
nours humble Servant in all things possible and impossible.

Barb.

A Duke and no Duke.

3

Barb. You are a sawey peremptory Villain,
And have too long escap'd the stroak of Justice.

Off. Nor is there such a Coward in all *Tuscany*,
He's able to corrupt an Army.

Trap. Fear not that *Seignior Capitano*, for I never mean to
come into One.

Barb. So lewd a Pandar ne're infected City,
What Wife or Daughter of the Noblest Blood
Is safe, where such a Hellish Factor breaths.

Trap. And can your Lordship on your Honour tax me
For want of Diligence in my Vocation?

Barb. Industrious hast thou been in Villany,
But *Florence* must no longer be the Scene;
This is your Warrant, Captain, from the Duke,
To drive this Miscreant from our City Gates.
And when he's seen again in *Tuscany*,
That Minute forfeits his abandon'd life.
Thus has our Duke decreed.

Trap. At whose request?

Barb. On mine.

Trap. I am glad to find your Honour has so much Interest in
His Highness, and therefore make choice of your Honour as the
most proper person to solicit my Repeal.

Barb. Audacious Slave.

Trap. His Highness knows travelling is chargeable, and be-
sides my Stomach is of no ordinary Dimensions.

Barb. Away with him if he dispute your Orders,
Call for the Parish Whips to your Assistance.

Trap. *Seignior Officer* you may take his Lordships word when
he says a Tning. You hear his Lordship hath private business
with me, and desires your absence—— For certain then his
Highness is upon Treaty of Marriage with the *Millanese*; your
Lordship and I, were always of opinion it would come to that.

Barb. Such harden'd Impudence was never seen.
Take him away.

Trap. My Lord, my Lord——Such a Primrose in a Corner
for your Lordship, never blown upon my Lord;——

Barb. Force him along.

A Duke and no Duke.

Trap. Flametta my Lord, what says your Lordship to *Flametta*? There's Eyes and Bubbies! Shall I bring her to your Lordship—Nay my Lord, my Lord. *(they bear him off.)*
[Exit.]

Enter Duke Lavinio, Alberto, Guards, and Attendants.

Lav. I'm stung with Adders and shall go distracted;
 Let me have breathing room.

Alb. Your Highness knows
 I ever have been watchful for your Honour,
 And next to that I would preserve your quiet.

Lav. Choice Method, first blow poyton in my Ears,
 And after that preach patience to me.

Alb. I fear my Duty has been too officious;
 Dread Sir, reflect where was the mighty harm
 In holding talk with him by open day?
 I hope this fanning will incense the flame.

[Aside.]

Lav. What harm? the very Bawd to their desires
 Could never have Forehead to dispute the harm:
 A Virgin and a Princess seen to walk
 And hold discourse apart with one of Race
 Obscure, at least unknown, and no harm in't?
 'Twere lewd, though they had only pray'd together:
 Bring the Audacious Traytor to Our Presence.
(Brunetto brought in here.)

Enter Brunetto.

Bru. Dread Sir, and twice my Noble Conquerour, *[Kneeling.]*
 First in the Field, in which your Self alone
 Could stop my Conquest with resistless Might,
 And since in Gen'rous Princely Favours.

Lav. Rise.
 I am not us'd to hearken after Praise,
 Or Thanks for Benefits by me conferr'd,
 For hitherto they always fell on Merit,

Which

Which can at best be call'd but paying Debts.
Only in this Acknowledgment, I hear
Ingratitude from it's own mouth condemn'd :
This Lord, the watchful *Argus* of my Honeur,
Has charg'd you with a Crime will stain the Worth
You shew'd in Battel, and make Valour blush.

Alb. I but inform'd your Highness what I saw.

Bru. He's prejudic'd, I kill'd his Son in fight
In Service of my Prince, as he of you.

Lav. I have a Sister, dear to me as Fame,
Our Royal Father's only Care and Comfort,
'My Dukedom (said he dying) I bequeath thee,
'A slender Present and thy Due by Birth;
'But with it all the Glory of our Race,
'The spotless Honour of the *Medices*;
'Preserve the Princely Blood from base-born taint,
'But most secure it in the weaker part,
'And match *Prudentia* with her Peer in Birth;
'So shall I with my Ancestors have rest.
'Now Sir, how far you have infring'd these Orders,
And brought a guilt unknown upon my head,
I leave your self to judge: Confess your Crime,
And Torture shall revenge it; smother it,
And Tortures shall extort it.

Bru. My charmed Soul
Came panting to my Lips to meet your Charge,
And beg forgiveness for its high presumption.
But since you talk of Tortures, I disdain
The servile Threats, and dare your utmost Rage;
I love the Princess, and have urg'd my passion,
Tho' I confess all hopeless of return.
This with a Soldiers freedom I avouch,
Who scorns to lodge that Thought he dares not own:
Now Sir, Inflict what punishment you please.
But let me warn you, that your vengeance reach
My head, or neither of us can have rest.

Lav.

A Duke and no Duke.

Lav. Chains, Straw and Darkneſs ! this is meer diſtraſtion !
 To Priſon with him ; you that waited on him *(They lead off)*
 Be now his Guard : Thin Diet and no Light ; *Brunetto.*
 Such uſage may reſtore him——Vengeance thus
 Converts to Charity.

Enter Prudentia.

Prudentia,

Your Entrance has prevented me a Viſit
 To your Apartment, and half ſav'd a Chiding ;
 Yet I muſt tell you, you have been to blame,
 But Siſter learn reſerv'dneſs for the future,
 Such as becomes your Quality, and hold
 That place which Nature and unſpotted Virtue
 Has hitherto ſecur'd you in my Heart.

Pru. Moſt gracious Sir, If e're my ſecret Soul
 Admits one thought that is not firſt ſubmitted
 For Approbation to your Royal Will,
 The Curſe of Diſobedience fall upon me ;
 As I in you have found a Fathers Love,
 I ſhall repay't with more than Filial Duty.

Lav. Vertue and Honour ever guide thy way.
 Thou'rt ſolitary, but ſhalt quickly enjoy
 A ſweet Companion in our Royal Bride.
Sforza the Duke of *Millain*, our old Friend,
 Who always in our Wars hath ſent uſ aid,
 Here offers me the beauteous *Iſabella*
 His Daughter for my Wife, and inſtantly
 We will to *Millain* on the Expedition,
 That Treatment once determin'd, wee'l return
 To *Florence*, where wee'l celebrate our Nuptials
 With that Magnificence becomes our State.

Pru. Go and be happy Sir in your fair Choice.

Barb. That Bleſſing's only wanting to our State.

Lav. Lord *Barberino* and *Alberto*, you
 Whom I have always found moſt faithful to me,
 To you I do commit the Government

Of *Tuscany* 'till my return ; your Power
I leave unlimited, keep open Ear
To just Complaints : Allow and Act no wrong ;
Look closely to our Prisoner *Brunetto*.

Alb. So may your wish't Return be safe and speedy.

Lav. Sister, your tears afflict us ; a few Weeks
Shall grace our Court with the fair *Millanese*.
Lead on, 'tis time we were upon our way.

Exeunt.

S C E N E. *A Desert.*

Enter Trappolin.

Trap. **T**His banisht life is very doleful——What an inhu-
mane Duke was this to banish me, that never banisht
him ? At every step I take , my poor *Flametta* comes into my
mind : She met me at the Towns end , and would fain have
come along with me, but that I told her she was not banisht
and might not.——Methinks this is a very melancholy place,
I have not met a living Body yet, but they had wings or four
legs. Let me bethink me where to betake my self, I would to
Rome, and turn Friar , but that I have too much Learning. A
Man of my Occupation might once have finger'd the *Polux*
Ryals in *Venice* , but now the Gentry go a more compendious
way to work , and Pimp for one another ; 'tquite spoils all
trading.

[Soft Music in the Air.]

What sound is this ? Sure this place must needs be haunted :
This with a good Dinner were something, but as it is, it feels
as if they were playing upon my small Guts.

[Storm and Thunder.]

So now, my airy Fiddlers are fallen out amongst themselves ; I
lik'd

lik'd their first strein somewhat better. I would his Highness would come and banish me from this place too.

[*Storm again, Mago the Conjuror rises.*]

What's here? a decrepit old man? Now and I were sure he was of mortal Race, I would set upon him in the name of Famine——But if he should blow Brimstone in my Face there were a hopeful beginner baulk't.

Mag. Son, Thou art Banish'd——I know all the matter.

Trap. 'Tis true old Friend, I am banish'd——But how the Devil came you to know it?

Mag. Why, the Devil told me.

Trap. The Devil he did?——Why 'twas e'en his own doing, and so he could give you the best account of it.

Mag. Be not dismay'd, Preferment waits upon thee, I am so far from hurting thee,
That from poor *Trappolin*, I'll make thee a Prince.

Trap. Look you there again, he knows my name too.——
For certain, this must be the Devils kinsman——A Prince! poor *Trappolin* thanks you Father Conjuror, but has no mind to domineer in Hell: I know where your Territories lye.

Mag. Befotted Wretch, Thou dost not understand me;
I tell thee Son, thou shalt return to *Florence*——

Trap. And be hang'd there for my labour.

Mag. Be honour'd there, exalted o're thy Fellows.

Trap. On a Gibbet.

Mag. There shalt thou shine in wealth, and roul in plenty,
The Treasures of the East shall Court thy wearing;
The haughty Nobles shall seem Pigmies to thee;
All Nature shall be ransack'd for thy Board,
And Art be tir'd to find thee choice of Banquets;
Each day and hour shall yield new Scenes of pleasure,
And crowding Beauties sue for thy Embraces.

Trap. Sure I have pimp'd for this old Fellow formerly, he's so kind——Well, as you say, Father Conjuror (on some private Considerations that I have) this may not do amiss: But how shall it be done?

Mag. By *Eo*, *Meo*, and *Areo*.

Trap. What they mean, I know not, but I am satisfi'd 'tis by going to the Devil for it, and so much for that matter.

Mag.

Mag. Here, seat thee in this Chair.

Trap. To be shav'd Father Conjurer by one of your black Valets? I shall lather under their hands without a Ball.

Mag. Sit still, and see the wonders of my Art;
Eo, Meo, and Areo, rise.

Trap. What will become of this temporal Body of mine?—
I am gl'd to my Seat here.——But hear you good Father, must this Retinue of yours needs appear?

Mag. Of indispenfible necessity.

Trap. Then good Father let them appear invisibly, I have no great inclination to their Company: For to tell you the truth, I like yours none of the best, you are like the Devil enough to serve my turn.

Mag. Now by the most prevailing Spell
That e're amaz'd the Powers of Hell;
That mid-night Witches ever try'd,
While *Cynthia* did her *Crescent* hide;
While watchful Dogs to bark forbore,
The Wolf to howl, the Sea to roar;
While *Robbin* do's his midnight Chare,
And Plowmen sweat beneath the Mare;
By all the terrors of my Skill,
Ascend, ascend, and execute my will.

[Lightning and Thunder, Spirits rise, and sink down with Trappolin.]

Now proud *Lavinio*, little dost thou know
This secret practice of my just Revenge.

[After a Dance the Spirits rise again, with Trappolin dressed exactly like the Duke Lavinio.]

Trap. Oh Father what metal do you take me to be made of? I am not us'd to travel under ground? Oh for a Dram of the Bottle of a Quart or two! Call you this preferment? Marry he deserves it that goes to the Devil for't, but I see no preferment neither.

Mag. Thou dost not know thy self, look in that Mirrour.

[Shews him a Looking glass.]

Trap. Whose there, the Duke?——Your Highness is well return'd: Your faithfu' Servant *Trappolin* begs of your Grace to call him home, and hang up this old Wizard; he'l Conjure
C you

your Grace out of your wits else, and your Subjects out of your Dominions.——What's he gone again? He's for his frisque under ground too. I have made way for him, I have work'd like any Mole, and made holes you may thrust Churches through.

Mag. 'Tis thou thy self that represents the Duke ;
What in that Glas thou saw'st is but thy Picture.

Trap. If that be my Picture I am the Picture of the Duke.

Mag. And shalt be taken for the Duke himself.

Trap. The Dress is just like him, and for ought I know, it is Drets that makes a Duke.——Let me see, what must I say now? my Highness is your Highness's humble Servant.——This Conjuror is a rare Fellow.

Mag. As thou didst here seem to thy self,
So shalt thou to the world appear the perfect Duke :
To *Florence* then and take thy State upon thee.

Trap. Trust me for Duking of it : I long to be at it. I know not why every man should not be Duke in his turn.——Father Conjuror, time is precious with us great Persons : However, I should be glad to see you at Court. It may be the better for you, for as I take it, we shall have some change of Ministers, and so Farewel.

Mag. Stay Son, Take this enchanted powder with thee,
Preserve it carefully, for at thy greatest need
'Twill give thee aid : When any Foe assaults,
Cast but this Magick Powder in his face,
And thou shalt see most wonderful effects.

Trap. Good, Now I'm satisf'd I am the Duke
Which some shall rue : Good Father, Fare you well.

Eo, Meo, and Arco——*Pass.* [*Exit. Conju. vanishes.*]

SCENE.

S C E N E. *The Palace.*

Barberino and Flametta.

Flam. I Do beseech your Honour to repeal
My only joy, my banisht *Trappolin*;
Take pity on a helpless Virgins tears,
Abandon'd to Distress——You must——You will——
For as our Sov'raign left his Power with you
He left his Mercies too.

Barb. Her tears inflame me :
And were this Dukedom which I hold in trust
My due by Birth, I'd give it in exchange
For this sweet Innocence, this Artless Beauty.
Indeed (my pretty One) you wrong your Charms;
Nay I must say, you wrong your Virtue too
By this concern, for an abandon'd Slave.
Devoted to all Crimes ; forget and scorn him.

Fla. I gave my heart before I knew his Vices
But it will be my triumph to reclaim him,
I do beseech your Honour to call him home.

Barb. And what Return may I expect for this ?

Fla. Goodness has always been it's own reward ;
But to convince you that your Courtesie
Shall not be wholly thrown away upon me,
By Day or Night you shall command——

Barb. What ?

Fla. My Prayers.

Barb. A very hopeful Recompence ;
What Statesman ever yet took Prayers for pay ?
Deluded Maid, thou dost not know thy worth,
This Beauty must not be a Beggars Prize,
Design'd by Nature for a Nobler Sphere.
What can this Minion whose repeal you seek

Perform for thee what can a Peasant do
 To deck thy Youth, or to enrich thy Age?
 Come be advis'd, here's Gold and Jewels for thee,
 The Pride, the Pomp of Nature shall be thine:
 Make all your study how to please your self,
 Fortune shall wait to see your wish perform'd.

Fla. Are you our Prince, my Lord?

Barb. What means that Question?

Fla. If you were,

The Prince should be deny'd.

Barb. Then much more I.

Why do I trifle thus? I am no Prince,

Yet will not be deny'd;—Who waits without?

Fla. Heaven shield me! You intend no Violence.

Barb. What I intend is Love; if you refuse,
 You make the Rape, that's all: Who waits I say?

Enter Servant.

Fla. Help Heaven!

Serv. My Lord, my Lord most unexpected News!

Barb. Come near

And bear this peevish Girl to my Apartment,
 Shee'l thank me for the Force.

Serv. The Duke, my Lord, his Highness.

Barb. Take her Slave.

Serv. His Highness is return'd from *Millain*.

Barb. Ha!

The Duke return'd from *Millain*? Thou art mad.

Serv. Just now arriv'd my Lord, and coming hither.

Barb. Here!

Dispose of her as I commanded thee,

'Till I find out the meaning of this Dream.

Ha! that's his voice—And here he comes in Person:

Let her go Slave.—Away dear Maid, away. [*Puts her out.*]

Enter

*Enter Trappolin with his Spirits invisible.
Alberto from the other side.*

Barb. Great Sir,
Upon our knees we welcome your Return,
Trap. And upon our Legs we take it :——Hem ! hem !

[He struts about.]

Alb. Your Highness comes unlook't for, we did not expect
This happy time so soon by fourteen days.

Barb. So please your Grace, where is our Dutcheſs ?

Trap. Your Dutcheſs will not come 'till the Gods know
when ; for my part I know nothing of the matter. I left my
Train behind me and came unlookt for, to ſee how you Go-
vern'd in my abſence, which I fear you have done ſcurvily
enough.

Alb. How wild he talks !

Trap. *Eo, Meo, and Areo*, well ſtuck to me I ſaith——Well
Lords, you never pity my Misfortunes ; I have been robb'd in my
journey, had my Horſe taken from me, and if it had not been
for Father Conjurer.

Barb. How Sir ?

Trap. I ſay, if I had not been a Conjurer, I had ne'r got home
in my Royal ſkin ;——Well ſtuck there again, Boys, well ſtuck.

Alb. What means your Highneſs ?

Trap. Our Highneſs means to take exact account of Affairs ;
I left an honeſt Fellow here, call'd *Trappolin*. What's become of
him ?

Barb. Your Highneſs gave me charge to baniſh him.

Trap. Why there's the Pillar of our State gone. You took
him for Buffoon, but I found him one of the beſt Politicians in
Chriſtendom ; other Countries will value him, and for ought
I know, he's a Prince by this time——*Eo, Meo, and Areo* true
Lads ſtill.

Alb. I am amaz'd !

Trap. Hear me, you Lord *Barb.* I love diſpatch in Affairs, tell
me therefore quickly what you take to be the duty of a Stateſ-
man ?

Barb. To ſtudy firſt his Royal Maſters profit,

And

And next to that his pleasure ; to pursue
 No similer design of private gain ;
 Nor pillage from the Crown to raise his Heirs,
 His base-born Brood in Pomp above the Race
 Of old descended Worth ; to know Desert,
 And turn the Princes favour on his Friends ;
 And keep an open Ear to just Complaints.

Trap. Why there 'tis. I have travel'd, and can tell you what
 a Statesman should be. I will have him ten times prouder than
 his Master ; I, and ten times richer too. To know none of his
 old Friends, when he is once in Office ; to inform himself who
 has Merit, that he may know whom to do nothing for ; to make
 Solicitors wait seven years to no purpose , and to bounce thro'
 a whole Regiment of 'em, like a Souldier through the Gantler.

Alb. This is meer Frenzy.

Trap. And there is another good Friend of mine , *Brunetto*,
 where is he ?

Alb. Dread Sir , You Highness knows that for his presumption
 in Courting of your Sister, you confin'd him.

Trap. Nothing but lying in this world ! I confine him : 'Tis
 well known I never had a Sister in my life.

Barb. No Sister, Sir ?

Trap. No, *Jack Sawce*, none that's worth imprisoning a Friend
 for ; honest *Brunetto* I'll be with thee in the twinkling of a—
Eo, Meo, and Aeo, sit fast ; pass. [Exit.

Alb. He cannot counterfeit so much.

Barb. I know not ;

But if he do not, he is surely mad.

Alb. The Heav'ns be merciful !
 What wild fantastick things he do's ? And talks
 Of *Eo, Meo, and Aeo* ; Names
 Unheard of in the Court before.

Barb. Some *Millain* Counts I warrant you.
 This kindness to *Brunetto* is most strange.

Alb. Let's after him, and wait his better leisure.

[Exeunt.]

SCENE.

SCENE. *A Prison.*

Re-enter Trappolin.

Trap. **W**hat a dismal Place is here? I'll have it carry'd bodily out of my Dukedom. Alas poor *Brunetto*, what has he done to be shut up here?—Oh here he comes!

Enter Brunetto.

Bru. What can the Duke design by coming hither?
For certain, it must be to see me strangled:
Well let him execute his Tyrant will,
For Death itself were Mercy to this Dungeon,
Great Prince.

Trap. He makes a very slow leg, but I scorn to be out done in Courtserie.

Bru. What can this cruel Mockery intend?
Your Highness does forget your self extremly
I am your Prisoner.

Trap. My best Friend *Brunetto*.

Bru. I am astonish'd! Sir, upon my knees
I do congratulate your safe Return.

Trap. And upon my Knees I do embrace thee, honest *Brunetto*.

Bru. I know not what to think or speak.
I do beseech your Highness Rise.

Trap. Not without thee: Therefore up I say; away with
Complements, I cannot abide them.

Bru. You honour me above expression.

Trap. A Fig for honour, I love thee man; Sirrah Jayler,
bring Chairs hither presently.

Bru. Your Highness.——

Trap. Away with Highness, I say, away with it; call me
Lavin, plain *Medices*.

Bru.

Bru. Sure I am awake, this is no Dream?

Trap. We will live merrily together, i'faith we will! Come Sirrah what a while have you been bringing these Chairs? I have known a Pimp made a Prince in less time. *Brunetto* sit thee down, sit down I say.

Bru. I will attend your Highness on my Knees.

Trap. Why, I am not thy Father, am I? Sit thee here.

Bru. On the right hand——That must not be.

Trap. Why an'thou wilt have it there, there let it be.——
But hold, I am mistaken, that is on the left hand; that must not be: Dost thou think I have no manners in me.

[*They remove their Chairs several times.*]

Bru. There is no remedy, I must obey.

Trap. Very well,——What now art thou afraid of me? Marry an'thou draws't back, I'll draw back too: Therefore sit still I say, and let us talk.

Bru. Great Sir, I am unworthy of these honours.
Your Noblest *Florentines* would be most proud
To be thus grac'd.

Trap. I love not these set speeches. Let us talk as if we were in a Tavern together.——Now, I prithee Man, how cam'st thou into this damn'd Dungeon?

Bru. I, now the Storm comes,——Pardon me Dread Sovereign.

Trap. What, on thy Knees again? Dost take me for *Mahomet*? As well as I can pardon thee, I do pardon thee whatever it be, tho' thou hast kill'd every body.

Bru. Wherefore this Torture Sir, before my Death,
'Tis Tyranny; your Highness knows my Crime
Was in aspiring to your Royal Sister.

Trap. Wast thou laid up for that: Alas for thee! Hast marry'd her?

Bru. Beseech your Grace.

Trap. Well, An'thou hast not, I would thou had'st; get her consent, and here I give thee mine. So come along with me to Dinner.

Bru. Your Highness shall command me to my Death.

Trap. I say, Thou shalt have her, and if I had two Sisters thou should'st have them both——Who waits there?

[*Barberino*]

[*Barberino, Alberto, Attendants* Enter.]

Now my good Lords, you see this Apartment, and you thought fit to have *Brunetto* shut up here for making Love to my Sister.

Alb. It was your Highness Judgment and Command.

Trap. Jayler, take me these two Coxcomby Lords, and keep them under Lock: They are never well but when they are doing mischief. In my Conscience and Soul, here is such incumbrance of perplexity, that I protest——Come along Friend.

[*Exit. with Brunetto.*]

Barb. Why, this is meer Distraction.

Alb. We must endure it.

[*They go in.*]

A C T II.

S C E N E. *The Palace.*

Enter Trappolin.

Trap. **T**His Dukes Life is very pleasant! Did ever any man come to preferment upon lighter terms, I am made a Prince, and Father Conjurer goes to the Devil for't.

Enter Flametta.

Whose here my pretty little Rogue? I mar'l what makes her at Court, tho' I fear this Affair will cost Lord *Barberino* a Castration.

Fla. Here is the Duke alone, whom I so long Have sought for, to petition for repeal Of my Dear *Trappolin*:——
I do beseech your Grace

D

Take

Take pity on a Miserable Maid

Bereav'd of all her Joys.

Trap. All her Joys, that's Me!

Fla. I humbly beg

Poor banish't *Trappolin* may be recall'd.

Trap. Dear Honeyfuckle, she even makes me weep.

Fla. Great Sir, That you have Noble thoughts.

Trap. I have so.

Fla. The World is Witness, and by Consequence
A heart full of Commiseration.

Trap. 'Tis so; What a torment is this now, that I must counter-
feit with her? Fair Maiden rise; What is your Name?

Fla. Flametta.

Trap. Thou shalt fare the better for that:—Trouble not your-
self, your *Trappolin* shall be recall'd; and I would I were sacri-
fic'd, if I do not love him as well as I do my self.—

Who comes yonder? the Princess.

Enter Prudentia.

Fla. This is most Gracious.—

Trap. Some of my roguish Lordstalk't of hanging him, if er'e
he come home again; but upon my Honour I swear it, that if they
hang him, they shall hang me; and so set thy heart at rest.

Fla. Heav'n bless your Highness. *[Exit.]*

Trap. If this be the Princess, Ple be sworn *Brunetto* was in the
Right of it.

Pru. Ten thousand Welcomes, Sir: I never found
Such tedious hours since you left the Court.

Trap. Fair Lady, come hither——You are our Sister you'll
say.

Pru. I hope my Condu& Sir, has ne'er giv'n Cause
For you to doubt of my Relation to you:
I am your Sister Sir, and Servant. •

Trap. I am sorry for't.

Pru. I do beseech your Highness, on what ground?

Trap. For a Carnal Reason, that shall be Nameless. But since we
are Brother and Sister, we must content our selves as well as we
can.

Pru.

Prud. I am surpriz'd at this: I heard indeed
His Language and Deportment was much alter'd; —
Sir, I am glad to see you safe return'd,
But should have been more joyful, had you brought
Your Dutcheſs with you.

Trap. She'l come ſoon enough, never fear it: But Siſter, To
our Affair in hand (for I am Vengeance hungry.) At my Re-
turn here I found *Brunetto* in Goal, and it appear'd to be for Love
of you: Tell me Siſter, can you fancy him?

Prud. Your Will, Sir, is the ſquare of all my Actions;
I have no Averſion for *Brunetto's* Paſſion:
Beſides, his Quality, tho' yet conceal'd,
Is worthy of your Blood, he is a Prince;
His Name *Horatio*, and the ſecond Son
To *Savoy's* Duke.

Trap. My Friend a Prince; beſworn I no more thought of ſee-
ing him a Prince than my ſelf: Siſter, you ſhall have my Con-
ſent to marry him, and ſo there's an end.

[*A confused noiſe without.*]

What's there to do?

Enter Officer.

Off. Dread Sir, This is the Day and Hour, in which your
Highneſs is wont to determine Cauſes in your Chair of State
here. And accordingly here are ſeveral Perſons come to appeal to
your Highneſs for Juſtice.

Trap. What! Juſtice before I have Dined? I tell you, it is a
dangerous thing: I had like to have been hang'd once my Self,
becauſe the Judge was Faſting; — Well, let them enter.

[*He takes the Chair of State.*]

Well, here ſits the Government: In the firſt place I would have
the Court take notice, that in Affairs of State, I think that words
are not to be multiply'd, and I think ſo I ſhall not do ſo; and if I
do not, no body elſe muſt: So that in this Aſſembly, he that ſpeaks
little, will ſpeak better than he that talks much; and he that ſays
nothing, better than they both.

[*The People being brought in, A Woman with her Daughter stand forth.*]

Wom. I do beseech your Highness to do me Justice;
I have liv'd long with Fame amongst my Neighbours;
My Husband too bore Office in the Parish
'Till he was kill'd in fighting for your Highness,
And left me but this dear and only Daughter,
Whom this old Sinner has debauch'd,
And spoil'd her Fortune.

Trap. Debauch'd? That is to say, lay with her? and got her Maidenhead.

Wom. Your Highness has a most discerning Judgment.

Trap. And how did he do this? Lawfully by the help of a Pimp, or without it?

Wom. O most unlawfully! For Sir, he has a Wife and Son too of his own Inches.

Trap. A Son of his own Inches; good,
Then the Decision of this Cause is easie:
Do you hear Woman, we will have that Son debauch'd, you shall get that Son's Maidenhead, and spoil his Fortune.

Wom. I do beseech your Grace, what?—

Trap. No replying after Sentence.—Whose Cause is next.

[*Another Woman stands forth.*]

Wom. Great Duke of *Tuscany*, vouchsafe to hear me:
I am a poor and helpless Widow, one
That had no Comfort left me but my Child,
Whom this vile Minion *Whipp* the Coach-man here
Being Drunk, drove over him and left him dead.
I do beseech your Highness, make my Case
Your own, and think what sad Distress—

Trap. Hold, hold, I will have no flourishing—This Cause requires some half a Minutes Consideration more than the former: *Whipp* you say, being drunk drove over your Child and kill'd him; why look you Woman, Drink will make a Coachman a Prince, and *Vice versâ* by the Rule of Proportion, a Prince a Coachman, so that this may be my own Case another time; however, that shall make no obstruction of Justice:—Therefore *Whipp* shall lye with you, and be suspended from driving, till he has got you another Child.—

Wom.

Wom. So please your Grace, this is still worse.

Trap. No regarding after Sentence.——Whose next?

[*A Puritan stands forth*]

Pur. So please your temporal Authority.

Trap. How now! my mortifi'd Brother of *Geneva*, what carnal Controversie are you ingaged in?

Pur. Verily, there is nothing carnal in my Cause: I have sustained violence, much violence, and must have much Compensation from the ungodly.

Trap. What is your Grievance?

Pur. I will pour it forth in the words of Sincerity.

Trap. I care not a Farthing for Sincerity, let me have it in Brevity.

Pur. This Person here is by Occupation a Mason or Tiler, as the Language of the world termeth it; whilst therefore I stood contemplating a new Mansion that I had prepared unto my self at the same time that this Person occupied his Vocation aloft thereon, or rather should have occupied; such was his wicked negligence, that he fell from the top of the building most unconscionably upon my outward man, even with all his carnal weight, and almost bruised me unto the Death, I being clad in thin Array (through the immoderate heat of the Season,) namely, five Cassocks or Coats, seven Cloaks, and one dozen of quilted Caps.

Trap. Believe me Sirs, a most important matter! If such enormities go unpunish'd, what Subject can be safe? Why, if any perverse Fellow take a Pique against his Neighbour, it is but getting up 8 or 10 or 14 stories high, and so fall down upon him as he stands thinking no harm in the Street: I do therefore Decree, That this Tiler shall stand below, while you get upon the Battlements of the House, and fall down upon him.

Pur. This is still most monstrous.

Trap. As for petty Causes, let them wait till we have Dined——*Eo, Meo, and Aro!*——Come along Sister.

[*Exeunt.*]

Enter

*Enter Duke Lavinio, Isabella the Dutchess,
Ladies, and Attendants.*

Lav. My hearts best Treasure, charming *Isabella*;
You are most welcome to the Court of *Florence*,
And when I lose the sense of such a Blessing;
And cease to make your happiness my study,
Let me become a Tributary Lord,
And hold my Birth-right at anothers will.

Isab. Dread Sir, I know and prize my happiness:
Blest doubly in your Fortunes and your Love.

Lav. My absence from Affairs so long, requires
My close Attendance now for some few hours;
Then I'll return to settle Loves Account,
With flaming heart at Beauties Altar bow,
And pay my Vows with double Adoration.
Mean while, our Princess and her Train once more
Shall welcome you to *Florence*:
Attend the Dutchess in.

[*Ex. all but Lavinio and Guards.*]

The Face of things seems alter'd since I went;
Some strange fantastick humour has possess'd
In general the Citizens of *Florence*.

As yet I have met with none, but who amaze me;
And speak of Matters done by me, as if
I had been here before my Dutchess came.
Call *Barberino* and *Alberto* to me;
They'll soon resolve —

[*Barberino and Alberto appear through the Grates.*]

Barb. Most gracious Sir,
Pitty your Subjects, and most faithful Servants.

Lav. Confusion! Are my Eyes and Ears both charm'd?
Our Deputies whom we did leave in trust
Of our whole Power, chain'd, shackl'd, and in Jayl!
Set them at large, and in my Presence now
Before this Minute can expire, or I
Shall go distracted 'ere I know the Cause.
Sure some ill Spirit has possess'd

My

My Subjects minds when I was gone; Dye know me?

Barb. The Duke of *Florence* our most gracious Master.

Lav. Are not you call'd *Barberino*, you *Alberto*,
My prudent faithful Counsellours to whom

I left the Government of *Tuscany*?

Alb. We are your Loyal Subjects, tino' your Prisoners.

Lav. How came you so?

Barb. Great Sir, your self knows well.

'Twas only for obeying your Commands.

Lav. A Plot, a general Plot upon my Wits;
Tell me the meaning, jest not with my Rage,
I charge you do not, therefore speak sense to me;
Or on your naked hearts I'll read the Riddle.

Alb. Alas! what shall we say? Great Sir, you know
That none except your Royal self could do it,
And to your Sacred Justice we appeal
How far we have deserv'd.

Lav. Perdition! Furies

Where will this end? Gods! I shall burst with Choler.
Be merciful good Heav'n, and give me Temper.

Alb. Amen good Heaven: I fear the fatal want.

Lav. Some Frenzie has on the poor Wretches seiz'd,
Or else they durst not thus to tempt my Fury.
Indeed I was to blame in threatning you,
Who so much need my pity: My good Lords,
I do beseech you to collect your Wits,
And tell me gently how you came in Prison.

Barb. By the Prosperity of *Tuskany*,
Your Highness left us there.

Lav. When did I so?

Alb. The self same time you went in Person thither to free
Brunetto.

Lav. The self same time that I went thither
To free *Brunetto*: Death, whom? What *Brunetto*?

Barb. Your Prisoner taken in the *Mantuan* Wars.

Lav. The more I search, the more I am confounded,
Quite lost within a Labyrinth of wonders.

Alb. Gods! how he speaks, as if all we were mad,
And he had done nothing.

Lav. I will yet have patience:

Tell

Tell me my Lords, if you are very sure
That you are well and Masters of your Sense.

Barb. If e're your Highness knew us so we are.

Lav. Yet give me leave to think what I do know;
I can sustain no more. — Come hither *Captain*.
These Lords affirm, that I put them in Prison,
How say you to't?

Capt. Great Sir, your Highness did,
You saw them left in Custody that Minute
You freed *Brunetto*.

Lav. He's in the same Tale:
Tho' they are all alike depriv'd of sense,
Yet do they all agree in what they say;
But why, good Captain, I will reason't with you,
Should I desire *Brunetto's* liberty?
Would it not be a foul dishonour think you
To the Great Family of *Medices*,
To cast away our Sister upon one
We neither yet know whom, nor what he is:
I pray you therefore Captain, if you have
Any small fragment of your Wits remaining
Reply accordingly.

Capt. Sir, it is certain,
That if your Highness should bestow your Sister,
On such a one as you are pleas'd to mention,
The Conduct would surprize the world; but Sir,
I heard your self, distinctly I did hear you,
to call *Brunetto*, Prince *Horatio*,
The second Son to the Duke of *Savoy*.

Lav. Vengeance!
My wonder is so great, that I want words
Wherewith to give it vent: I see that all
My Subjects being distracted, think me mad.

Capt. Nay more, Your Highness gave the Princess charge
That she prepar'd herself, for in two days
You'd see her marry'd to the Prince *Horatio*.

Lav. Enough! Yet Gods I'll hold my Reason yet.
Florence I left a most ingenious City,
But find it wofully at my Return
Possess'd with strange unheard of *Lunacy*.

Captain,

Captain, I swear to you by my Dukedom,
I'd rather send for that *Brunetto's* head,
Than such a message as you say I did.

Capt. Beseech Your Highness look, let your own eyes
Convince you of the Truth of what I said.

Enter Brunetto and Prudentia.

Bru. Divine *Prudentia*, All thy Sexes Charms
In thee are centred, and from that fair Union
Receive a fresh unspeakable Addition;
Your Brother's good ev'n to a Miracle,
And gave me thralldom, but to raise my Joy.

Prud. Indeed it speaks a Noble Nature in him
To Crown Desert, though in an Enemy.
And now I must confess without a blush,
You long have been my hearts dear secret choice,
But never durst give Ear to your Addresses
'Till by my Brothers free consent allow'd.

Bru. Said you Consent? Alas! that Name falls short
Of his Transcendent Grace: He's earnest for us,
Urges and drives us to the Bow'r of Joy.

Lav. Furies and Scorpions drive you, Whirlwinds part you.

Prud. My Royal Brother.

Lav. Damn'd Infernal Creature!

More false than *Helen*, and the greater Plague.

Bru. I did suspect at first 'twas his Distraction
That favour'd my aspiring hopes, and now
I fear't has chang'd his mind to my undoing.

Prud. Wherein Dear Sir, have I deserv'd this Usage?
Was't not your Order?

Lav. Sulphur choak thy voice:
I'll spend no Breath upon a thing so vile.
You Sir, My new made Favourite, come near
And tell me, are you Son to *Savoy's* Duke?

Bru. Your Highness knows I am his Second.

Lav. I know you are his Second? Blood and Fire.
This Frenzy has seiz'd him too.
Then know Sir, were you *Savoy's* Eldest Son,

My Sister once deserv'd a better Match;
 And she shall rather in a Monastery
 Sigh out a weary Life without Devotion,
 Than be your Wife.——To Prison with the Boaster
 'Till *Savoy* fetch him thence.

[*The Guards hurry him off.*]

Barb. This relishes of Reason.

Alb. Heav'n preserve

This temper, and restore the State of *Florence*.

Lav. Come Lords, and lend your best Assistance to me,
 Sleep shall not close my Eyes, nor food refresh me,
 'Till we have search't this Mischief to the Core;
 Wee'l stop at no extreams of Blood or Torture,
 Baulk no rough Means that may our Peace secure;
 Such desp'rate Ill's, must have as desp'rate Cure.

[*Exeunt. manet Prudentia.*]

Prud. Unhappy *Florence*! more unhappy I
 To see a Prince and Brother thus decay'd,
 Bereav'd of Reason, and made less than Man!
 My dear *Horatio*, grieve not at this Usage,
 But rather pity thy Oppressors Fate.

Enter Trappolin.

Trap. Whose here? the Princess in Tears? Dear Sister, how
 dost thou do? Come, I know your Grievance, and out of my
 Natural affection have taken care for you; you marry the Prince
Horatio this Night.

Prud. One Minute then has chang'd his sullen humour!
 Why then Sir, have you made him a close Prisoner?

Trap. A Prisoner say you?——Run Guards and fetch him
 to our Presence.——Do not so much abuse your self dear Sister,
 to think I would confine my Friend to Prison.

Prud. You did it Sir this Minute, he's scarce there yet.

Trap. Madam Sister, If I did, it was in my Drink, and cer-
 tainly I had some politick Reason for it, which I have now for-
 got.——Some more Wine Slave to clear my Understanding.

[*Brunetto*]

[Brunetto brought in here.]

Bru. How soon his mind is chang'd? The Heaven's be prais'd.

Trap. Dear Prince *Horatio* an' you do not forgive my Locking you in Prison, I shall never be merry again, and so here isto you dear Prince *Horatio*.

Bru. Upon my knees I pay my humblest Thanks.

Trap. Come, come, Take her along Man, take her along, I know Lovers would be private, and so agree the rest among your selves.

[Brunetto leads off Prudentia.

[Barberino and Alberto passing over the Stage.]

Trap. Who's yonder? My Lords Banishers at large agen? will the Government never be able to drink in quiet for 'em? Seize those Traytors there, and carry them to Prison. And do you hear Sirrah, it shall be Treason for any body to let them out.

Off. Unless by order from your Highness.

Trap. Orders from my Highness? I tell you Rascal, it shall be Treason to let them out, tho' I command it my self. Away with them, go.

Enter Isabella.

What *Bona Roba* have we hear now?

Isab. My Dearest Lord.

Trap. For her Dress and Beauty, she may be a Dutchess, who are you Madam?

Isab. Do you not know me Sir?

Trap. It seems she is none of the wisest, tho'.

Isab. How am I alter'd since I came from *Millain*?

Trap. Oh! 'tis the Dutchess: You are our Wife, you'll say?

Isab. Sir:

Trap. I am glad of it I promise you; come kiss then incontinently.

Isab. What mean you Sir, you are merrily dispos'd.

Trap. Madam Dutchess, I am somewhat jovial indeed, I have been drinking freely, and so kiss me again.

Isab. My Lord.

Trap. You are a handsome Woman I promise you, and tell me Madam Dutchess, am not I a proper handsome Fellow?

Ifab. Sir, Do not jest with me, you know you are
The Man whom I esteem above the World.

Trap. What a winning look was there too?—To Bed my
Dear, to Bed.—I'll but take 'tother Flask, to put State Af-
fairs out of my head, and then—Ah! ha! ha!

[*Exeunt.*]

A C T III.

Enter Lavinio.

Lav. **Y**OU Glorious Planets that do nightly guide
The giddy Ships upon the Ocean Waves,
If some of your malignant Influences
Have rais'd this madness in my Subjects minds,
Let some of your more gentle Aspects now
Restore them to their Sense.

[*Barberino and Alberto appear in Prison.*]

I am astonish'd, Heaven's! What do I see?
My Lords imprison'd? Free them instantly
Without reply, for should you answer me,
I know you'll say I did it, and distract me.

Capt. His ill Fit's off again.

Lav. I do not think that since the Infancy
And first Creation of the World, a madness
Pestiferous and equal unto this
Was ever known, all-Gracious Heav'n reveal
The fatal Cause, or lay our Cities waste.

Barb. Most Gracious Sovereign, How have we deserv'd
Thus to be made the scorn of Vulgar Eyes?

Lav. Yet send me Patience Heav'n!
I wonder Lords, that you of all my Subjects,
Whom I have known to bear the Noblest Judgments,
Should thus distract your selves in your wild Fits:
You run to Prison of your own accord,
And say, I sent you.

Alb.

Alb. Most Royal, Sir, we grieve to see these days;
You did command us thither.

Lav. I?

Barb. Your Highness self.

Lav. You are both deceived, to act such idle Errors,
And lay the blame on me.

Capt. So please your Grace, You did again commit 'em,
That very hour in which you set them free.

Lav. I commit them?

I tell you all with sorrow, witness Heav'n
How deep that sorrow is! you are all mad:
Therefore in this small interval of Sense,
Betake you with one voice to your Devotion,
And pray the incens'd Gods to be appeas'd
And keep you from Relapse.

Both. Heav'n bless your Highness. [Ex. *All but Lavinio.*

Lav. Plague, Famine, War, the ruinous Instruments
Wherewith incens'd Deities do punish
Poor Mankind for mis-deeds, had they all fall'n
Upon this City, it had been a thing
To be lamented, but not wonder'd at.

Enter Isabella.

Isab. My Lord, I have this hour expected you.

Lav. O, my dear *Isabella*, I have brought thee
From *Millain* flourishing with all Delights,
Into a City full of men distracted.

Isab. He is not sober yet: Go in and sleep Sir.
You do not well my Lord, thus to betray
Your weakness to the publick view.

Lav. Oh, Heavens!
My Wife and all.

Isab. What say you Sir?

Lav. My *Isabella*, Thou hast cause to curse me
For bringing thee into a place infected;
The Air is poyson'd, and I wonder now
How I have escap'd so long.

Isab. I pray go sleep.

Lav.

Lav. Why *Isabella*?

Isab. You have drunk too much.

Lav. Madness unmatch'd!

She's farther gone than any of the rest.

Dear *Isabella* retire into thy Chamber;

Compose thy thoughts a while, and I'll come to thee,

There we'll beseech the angry Gods together,

That they would yet remove this heavy Ill.

[*Ex. Isab.*

Enter Brunetto and Prudentia.

What do I see? *Brunetto* unconfin'd;

I am astonish'd how he came at large;

Whom I would have to lie in Prison, walk

In freedom, and whom I would have in freedom,

Run of themselves to Prison.——Hell! They kiss,

Embrace before my Eyes! My Guards there.

Bru. Ha!

He's chang'd again.

Prud. My Noble Brother.

Lav. Off.

Hadst thou thy Reason, and shouldst offer this,

I'd study Tortures for thee; as thou art,

I pity thy misfortunes.——Seize your Prisoner:

Next time I see him free, your head is forfeit.

Prud. Wonders on Wonders, I beseech you Sir

By all the Bonds of Nature, for what cause?

Lavin. It is vain to answer frantick People.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE

S C E N E *Draws, and Shews*

Trappolin asleep, Flasks of Wine by him.

Trap. **W**Hat a Princely Nap have I taken!——But as I remember I was to have gone to my Dutcheſs, or dreamt ſo.——Give me a Bumper.

[Barberino and Alberto enter.]

My Lords at large again?

Barb. Long live your Highneſs.

Trap. Amen.

Alb. And happily.

Trap. Amen for that too——But my ſmall Friends how came you hither? I thought you had been under Lock and Key.

Barb. Alas! he is relaps'd as bad as ever.

Trap. Sirrah Captain, Why kept you not theſe Vermine up till I bid you let them out?

Capt. So pleaſe your Grace I did.

Trap. Will you lie Rascal to my Princely Face? *[He throws*

Capt. Gods! will this Humor never leave him? *Wine in his*

Barb. We muſt in again. *Face.*

Trap. To Kennel with them, walk my good Lords Banifhers, your Honours know the way. Along with them. Trugh! trugh!

Alb. There is no remedy. *[They are carried off.]*

Trap. Thus far I take it, we have kept the Government in good Order; now for my Dutcheſs, lead to her Graces Apartment.

[Officer enters.]

Off. Ambaſſadours from *Savoy* deſire admittance.

Trap. What are their Names?

Off. Sir, I preſum'd not to enquire.

Trap. Then what's their Buſineſs?

Off. That Sir were worſe preſumption.

Trap. Thou insolent Varlet, What a Vulgar Fellow doſt thou take me for, to ſpeak with Strangers before I know their Buſineſs?

ness?—Well Sirrah, set a Bumper by our Chair of State, and bring them to our Presence.

Off. What can this mean?

Trap. Suppose now, that those should be Spies upon our Government, in the shape of Ambassadors: Loving Subjects, if that be their business, I shall be frank and tell them, they have the wrong Sow by the Ear. For as the Ancients were wont to say, (those Ancients were a wise Nation) it was with them a principle Maxime, *Some wiser than some*: Trust me for Politicks, I faith.

Enter Ambassadors.

1. *Emb.* Dread Sir, By us the Duke of *Savoy* sends
To greet your Nuptials with the *Millanese*,
Wishing all happiness to great *Lavinio*.

Trap. 'Tis civilly done, by my Troth, and there is no Love
lost, I can assure him.

2. *Emb.* Is this the so much fam'd *Lavinio*,
Renown'd for Wisdom and Severity.

Trap. I say, it shews his good Nature as well as his Breeding,
and so here's his good health.

1. *Emb.* This is most strange.

Trap. So much for Ceremony, now to our Business:
For what can more besit a Prince than Business,
Which always is best done *Propria Persona*:
I therefore Spice my Mornings Draught my self.

2. *Emb.* I am astonish'd.

Trap. The next prime Quality is for a Prince
Well to inform him of neighbouring Courts,
What Customs and Diversions are in use;
But chiefly by what Politicks they steer,
What Method in Affairs of State they take,
Whereby to square his own Concerns at home:
I therefore ask, *What Wine you have in Savoy?*

1. *Emb.* This is gross Mockery.

2. *Emb.* Or utter Frenzy.

We come not Sir to trifle, and 'tis time
We now declare the Order of our Message:

Our

Our Royal Master is at last informed,
His only Brother, and his Dukedoms Heir,
Lyes here confin'd in close Imprisonment;
Release him instantly, and we are Friends:
Refuse us; and our sole Reply is War.

Trap. If you bring nothing but War, e'en carry it back with you again: We can drink and quarrel fast enough amongst our selves;——But heark you, For the sake of some Dukes that shall be nameless, before I treat with your Master, I must know by what Title he holds.

1. *Emb.* By Native and Legitimate Claim.

Trap. That is as much as to say, I am an Usurper.

2. *Emb.* By most unquestion'd and immediate Right
From Heav'n.

Trap. As who should say, my Preferment came from the Devil.

1. *Emb.* We ask your final Answer, Peace or War.

Trap. My final Answer is, to tell no man my Pleasure, till I know it my self.

2. *Emb.* Let us declare for Arms then, and away.

1. *Emb.* It cannot be with this Fantastick Tale;
To bring this strange account, will speak us mad,
And with our Prince ne'er gain the least Belief.

Trap. Look you Sirs, Your Master and I, can agree to fall out at our leisure; but if he pretend to love the Prince *Horatio* better than I do, he is a very uncivil Person, and so I shall tell him when I next light into his Company.

1. *Emb.* Heaven's! this is still more strange.

Trap. Will he fight for him?

2. *Emb.* He'll Conquer for him, *Florence* shall confess it.

Trap. Then I have one familiar Question more,
Will he Pimp for him?

1. *Emb.* Prodigious!

Trap. Not Pimp for him? Let him pretend no further;
If he ne'er Pimp'd for him, his claim is done.
Will he give him his Sister?

2. *Emb.* That were foul Incest; and besides, he has none.

Trap. Why no more have I, nor ever had in my life, and yet I have given him mine.——But as for your Princess, let her set
F her

ness?—Well Sirrah, set a Bumper by our Chair of State, and bring them to our Presence.

Off. What can this mean?

Trap. Suppose now, that those should be Spies upon our Government, in the shape of Ambassadors: Loving Subjects, if that be their business, I shall be frank and tell them, they have the wrong Sow by the Ear. For as the Ancients were wont to say, (those Ancients were a wise Nation) it was with them a principle Maxime, *Some wiser than some*: Trust me for Politicks, I faith.

Enter Ambassadors.

1. *Emb.* Dread Sir, By us the Duke of Savoy sends
To greet your Nuptials with the *Millanese*,
Wishing all happiness to great *Lavinio*.

Trap. 'Tis civilly done, by my Troth, and there is no Love
lost, I can assure him.

2. *Emb.* Is this the so much fam'd *Lavinio*,
Renown'd for Wisdom and Severity.

Trap. I say, it shews his good Nature as well as his Breeding,
and so here's his good health.

1. *Emb.* This is most strange.

Trap. So much for Ceremony, now to our Business:
For what can more besit a Prince than Business,
Which always is best done *Propria Persona*:
I therefore Spice my Mornings Draught my self.

2. *Emb.* I am astonish'd.

Trap. The next prime Quality is for a Prince
Well to inform him of neighbouring Courts,
What Customs and Diversions are in use;
But chiefly by what Politicks they steer,
What Method in Affairs of State they take,
Whereby to square his own Concerns at home:
I therefore ask, *What Wine you have in Savoy*?

1. *Emb.* This is gross Mockery.

2. *Emb.* Or utter Frenzy.

We come not Sir to trifle, and 'tis time
We now declare the Order of our Message:

Our

Our Royal Master is at last informed,
His only Brother, and his Dukedoms Heir,
Lyes here confin'd in close Imprisonment;
Release him instantly, and we are Friends:
Refuse us; and our sole Reply is War.

Trap. If you bring nothing but War, e'en carry it back with you again: We can drink and quarrel fast enough amongst our selves;——But heark you, For the sake of some Dukes that shall be nameless, before I treat with your Master, I must know by what Title he holds.

1. *Emb.* By Native and Legitimate Claim.

Trap. That is as much as to say, I am an Usurper.

2. *Emb.* By most unquestion'd and immediate Right From Heav'n.

Trap. As who should say, my Preferment came from the Devil.

1. *Emb.* We ask your final Answer, Peace or War.

Trap. My final Answer is, to tell no man my Pleasure, till I know it my self.

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If he ne'er Pimp'd for him, his claim is done.
Will he give him his Sister?

2. *Emb.* That were foul Incest; and besides, he has none.

Trap. Why no more have I, nor ever had in my life, and yet I have given him mine.——But as for your Princeſs, let her see her

her heart at rest ; for if my Friend must not have her, I will marry her my self.

1. *Emb.* What, while your *Millanese* is living ?

Trap. That I confess I had forgot, Care for the State has turn'd my Brain:—But here is to our better Understanding. [*Drinks.*]

2. *Emb.* This is beyond all sufferance, gross affront ; And *Florence* shall in Blood lament the Folly.

Trap. In the name of *Mars*, then let your Master know, I care not, when we meet at the head of our Army—to crack a Bottle. [*Exeunt severally.*]

Enter Lavinio hastily.

Lav. I've found, I've found at last the fatal Riddle: It must be so, the Gods inspire the Thought, Call *Barberino* and *Alberto* to me.

Serv. From Prison Sir ?

Lav. From Prison Slave, what mean'st thou ?

Serv. Your Highness but this Minute sent them thither ; Nor will your Officer at my Request Release them, 'twas so strict a Charge you gave.

Lav. Here take my Signet for a Token: Bid them Attend me instantly in my Apartment. It must, it must be so, some spiteful Fiend Permitted by the Heav'ns assumes my shape: And what I do, undoes ; no other Cause Remains in Nature for these strange Effects ; Pity me Gods, your lab'ring Minister ; Remove this Plague, and save the State of *Florence*. [*Exit.*]

Enter Trappolin, as going to the Dutchesse's Bed-Chamber.

Trap. The next is the Dutchesse's Bed-Chamber.—and yonder she is fast asleep.—What a Neck and Breast is there:—Now do I reckon that my Friend *Brunetto* and I shall encounter much about a time. I ought to have seen him a Bed first, but my Natural Affection to my Dutchess prevail'd above my Manners.

Re-Enter

Re-Enter Servant.

Serv. Here is your Ring again Sir,

Trap. What Ring?

Serv. Your Signet Sir, which you sent me with, I have according to your Order releas'd the Lords.

Trap. Give it me: Now, go Slave commend me to *Brunetto*, and bid him start fair.

Serv. from Prison Sir?

Trap. From Prison say you? — Here take my Signet with you again, and release him: and say, I charge him on his Allegiance to go to Bed to the Princess immediately; make all fast without there; I can find the way to her Grace by my self: Away.

[*Ex. Servants, &c.*

[*As he is going in, he meets Lavinio entering.*]

Lav. 'Tis strange they come not yet; — What do I see? This is the Hellish Phantasm that has bred All this Confusion in our Court; good Gods How he resembles me! That I my self Would almost take him for my self: What art thou?

Trap. I am *Lavinio* Duke of *Tuscany*.

Lav. He speaks too, and usurps my Name.

If thou art a Fiend, the gracious Heav'ns be kind,

And put a Period to thy wild proceedings;

But if thou art a Witch, I'll have thee burnt.

Trap. Burnt? Traytor, burn your lawful Duke!

Lav. I'll try if thou hast substance, struggle nor,

For thou mayst sooner break from *Hercules*;

I'll have thee slead from thy enchanted skin,

In which thou represents my person.

Trap. I say, beware of Treason; flea off my skin?

Lav. Guards, Guards, Guards.

Trap. Guards, Guards.

Lav. A Traytor, a Traytor.

Trap. A Traytor, a Traytor.

[*As they strive and call together, Trappolin flings the enchanted Powder in his Face, Lav. quits his hold.*]

There's some of Father Conjuror's Powder for you; what it will do for me I know not, but there 'tis.

Lav. The Sorcerer has blinded me.

Trap. Ay, so would Powder of Post for the present; but if this be all the wonderful Effects, I'll save my skin while I may.

[*He runs off.*]

Lav. Stop, stop the Traytor, help? Guards, Guards!

[*Runs after him.*]

Enter Isabella in her Night-Gown.

Isab. Sure I did hear the Duke my Husbands Voice
As in distress, and calling out for help;
Or did I dream? It must be more than so:
Nay, as I thought, I saw two Figures of him
One coursing of the other:——
The noise continues still——Who waits? All Deaf?

[*Rings a bell.*]

What, no Attendance here? What can this mean?
This is the private passage to the Princess's Chamber.
I'll see if all be as silent there.

[*Exit.*]

Re-enter Trappolin.

Trap. What will become of me? I shall never have the heart
to swagger it out with him: The Guards are coming too:——
Oh rare Powder! 'thas done the work I faith.

Re-Enter Lavinio, transform'd into the Likeness of Trappolin.

[*Lav.* I have thee, and will hold thee, wert thou *Proteus*.]

Enter Captain and Guards.

Trap. Help Subjects, help your Duke's assaulted.

Capt.

Capt. Audacious Slave.

Lav. Death and Furies.

Capt. What *Trappolin* return'd :

Off. He is distracted sure.

Trap. No, no, *Trappolin* was too honest to assault his natural Prince, this is some Villain transform'd by Magick to his likeness, And I will have him flea'd out of his enchanted skin.

Lav. Blood and Vengeance.

Trap. Look to him carefully, till you have our further Orders :

Now once more for my Dutcheffs.

[*Exit.*

Lav. Unhand me Slaves, I am the Duke your Sovereign.

All. Ha! ha! ha!

Lav. That Villain that went out, a damn'd Imposter.

Off. Foul Treason, stop his mouth.

Capt. Alas, he is Lunatick.

Lav. Why did you let th'Impostor Devil scape?

Capt. Compose thy self poor *Trappolin*.

Lav. What mean the Slaves by *Trappolin*?

Enter Servant.

Sir, Are you come? Where is my Ring?

Serv. *Trappolin* come home: And as great a Knave, it seems, as ever: He has heard the Duke sent me with his Ring, and this impudent Rogue thinks to get it.

Lav. The Slaves are now gone mad another way.

They take the Counterfeit for their true Prince,

And me it seem for one I do not know.

Sure some amongst my Subjects yet will know me,

Then Slaves, your Heads shall answer for this Crime.

Enter Flametta.

Fla. I am or'joy'd, you are welcome home my Dear;

I fear'd alas, I ne're should see you more:

Indeed my Dear, you are beholden to me;

'Twas I that won the Duke for your Repeal.

Lav. Blood and Fire!

Fla.

Fla. This is unkind to treat me with such coldness,
After so long an Absence; have you then
Forgot my Truth and Constancy?

Lav. Off Strumpet.

Fla. Dost thou reward me thus for all the Pains
I took for thy Return to Florence?

Lav. Leave me,
Or I will spurn thee from me.

Fla. O faithless Men! Women by me take heed
How you give credit to the perjurd Sex.
Have I all thy long Banishment been true,
Refus'd Lord *Barberino* with his Gifts;
And am I slighted thus?

Lav. What means the Harlot?
Heav'n, Earth, and Hell, have all conspir'd together,
To load me with a Crime unknown before.

Enter Barberino and Alberto.

My Lords, You never came in better Season.
For never was your Prince so much distress'd;
My very Guards deny me for their Master,
And take a Wizard for the Duke of Florence.

Barb. What means the Vagabond, how came he home?
I hope the Duke will take care to reward him.
Say Captain, which way is our Royal Master?

Lav. Nay then, Destruction is turned loose upon me.

Fla. Alas, he is mad!
Distracted with his Banishment.

Enter Isabella and Prudentia.

Pru. The Vision you relate is wonderful,
And all these strange disorders in the Court
Must needs proceed from some prodigious Cause.

Lav. That is the Princess's voice; *Prudentia*, Sister,
Pity your Brother, speak to these mad Subjects
That do not know their Prince.

Pru. What Fellow's this?

Cap.

Capt. Off Sirrah.

Lav. Is she bewitched too? — My Dear *Isabella*
Thou sure wilt own the Duke thy Husband: — Ha!

She turns away in wonder! By the Bonds
Of Duty, and of Nature, I conjure you
To do me Right, and own the Duke your Lord.

Alberto, Barberino, Prudentia, Isabella.

All. Ha! ha! ha!

Isab. What do you with this frantick wretch? look to him
And lodge him in the Hospital.

Lav. Confusion!

Nay then 'tis time to lay me thus on Earth,
And grow one Piece with it. [*Throws himself down.*]

Enter Brunetto.

Bru. Your Highness humble Servant, — Dear *Prudentia*,
The Duke once more consents to make us happy,
Here is his Royal Signet for our Marriage.

Enter Trappolin.

Trap. *Eo Meo*, and *Arco*, rare Boys still. — I am out of breath
with looking for her; the Bed I found, but no Dutches, and
not one of her Women can tell me where she is: — Why here
they are now all on a Bundle. Dear Pigs-ney, what a naughty
Trick was this, to Spirit your self away, when you know how
frighted I am with lying alone? — My Princely Friend, Hast
thou consummated? That sneaking look of thine confesses thee
Guilty: Well, marry'd or not marry'd, I am resolv'd to see you
a Bed together incontinently.

Lav. The Devil you shall. [*Rising up hastily.*]

Fla. Dear *Trappolin* be quiet.
You will destroy yourself and me: — I do beseech your Grace,
Forgive him; alas, he is Lunatick.

Lav. Oh Heav'ns! endure this Impostor thus
With his Enchantments to bewitch your Eyes.

Trap. Alas, poor *Trappolin*! That ever such good Parts as
thine should come to this.

Alb.

Alb. Will he e're suffer this abuse?

Barb. I know not, perhaps one Madman will pity another.

Lav. Ye *Florentines*, I am *Lavinio*;
I am the *Tuscan Duke*; this an Impostor
That by damn'd Magick, and Infernal Arts
Has rais'd these strange *Chimæra's* in the Court.

Alb. Your Highness is too patient.

Fla. Sweet *Trappolin* be rul'd.

Trap. Shew him a Glass.

Lav. What do I see? even thus I seem to them:
Plagues, Death, and Furies, this is Witchcraft all: [Breaks the
Still I assert my Right, I am *Lavinio*. Glass.]

Trap. Nay then, I see hee'l ne're come to good; to Prison
with him, take him away.

[As they seize him, Thunder and Lightning breaks
forth, Mago rises.]

Mag. Turn thee *Lavinio Duke of Tuscany*.

Lav. Ha! who art thou that own'st my Power and Title,
Disclaim'd by all my Subjects?

Alb. This is strange.

Trap. Father Conjurer here?——I warrant he's going to the
Devil now, and calls at Court for Company.

Lav. What e're thou art, dissolve this Magick Mist;
Restore my State, and right an injur'd Prince.

Mag. My Spells alone can do it.

Lav. I know that voice.

Mag. Remember *Guicardi* the *Tuscan Count*,
Whom twelve years since, thou didst unjustly banish;
Which tedious hours I chiefly have apply'd
To Magick Studies, and in just Revenge
Have rais'd these strange disorders in thy Court;
Now, Pardon what is past, I'll set all Right.

Lav. I swear by all the Honours of my State,
By both my Dukedoms, *Florence* and *Siena*,
I pardon what is past.

Trap. So here is his Grace and the Devil upon Articles of
Agreement, and excluding me from the Treaty:——Well, I'll
e'en banish my self whilst I have the Authority in my own
hands: I have got a handsome Face by the Bargain, and it
would

would grieve me to be flea'd out of it, and therefore I will steal off as silently as I can.

Mag. Then take that Chair.

[He places Lavinio in the Chair. Thunder and Lightning again.]

Bru. What mean those Prodigies?

Mag. Ye Noble Florentines suspend your fears,
And you shall see the wonders of my Skill.

Thus with my Powerful Wand I Crown thy Brow
With grateful slumbers till my Charms are wrought.

You Spirits fram'd of milder Elements,

You that Controul the black malicious Fiends,

Ascend, ascend, and execute my Will.

[Soft Musick. Spirits rise and dance about Lavinio, who
by a device is transform'd before the Audience into
his own Appearance, and Habit.]

All. The Duke! Good Heav'n! How have our Eyes been
Charm'd?

Long live your Highness.

Lav. Where have I Been? Sure all has been a Dream.

Mag. Your Royal Word is past, you pardon all;

Lav. I do, and weep for Joy

To see my Subjects to their Sense restor'd.

Mag. Brave Prince Horatio, your elder Brother, [To Brunetto.
The Duke of Savoy's dead.

Lav. Then he is Savoy.

Sir, I entreat forgiveness of what's past,

And wish you Joy.

[Gives him Prudentia.

Bru.

Prud. } You Crown our Happiness.

Lav. Methinks, we have all been scatter'd in a Storm,
And thus by Miracle met here together

Upon the happy shore.—Horatio, Lords,

Prudentia, Wife, let me embrace you all.

[Trappolin brought in by Spirits, in his own likeness.]

Lav. Here is th' Impostor, Gods! what abject Things,
When in your Hands, prove Scourges of a State.

Trap. Good Father Conjurer, for old Acquaintance sake
Beseech your Grace, use Moderation:

[To Lavinio.

You see by me what a Prince may come to.

G

Lav.

Lav. Thy Pardon's granted, but depart the Realm.

Fla. Dear *Trappolin* embrace the happy Fate,
And take me with thee.

Trap. My Lord,—I have stood your Lordship's Friend.

[To *Brunetto*.

Bru. In *Savoy* I'll requite thee *Trappolin*.

Trap. *Savoy*, Girl, *Savoy*——a Count, a Count I warrant
thee.

Mag. Son *Trappolin*, I am thy natural Father;
And since my Banishment from *Florence*, have
Sustain'd much Hardship, serv'd the *Turk* in's Gallies.

Trap. By your leave Father Conjurer, you have serv'd the De-
vil too.

Mag. But from this Hour renounce my wicked Arts.

Lav. So, lasting Happiness on *Florence* fall;
Our Plague's remov'd, and now we'll pass the Time
In Courtly Joys; our *Tuscan* Poets shall
From these Disorders, frame Fantastick Scenes
To entertain our beauteous *Millanese*:
Each Accident at leisure well recite,
Misfortunes past, prove *Stories* of Delight.

A Song

A SONG written by Sir
George Etheridge.

TELL me no more I am deceiv'd,
while *Silvia* seems so kind;
And takes such care to be believ'd,
The Cheat I fear to find -
To flatter me should Falshood lye
Conceal'd in her soft Youth;
A thousand times I'd rather die,
Than see the unhappy Truth;

I I.

My Love all Malice shall outbrave,
Let Fops in Libels rail;
If she the Appearances will save,
No Scandal can prevail:
She makes me think I have her Heart,
How much for that is due?
Tho' she but act the tender part,
The Joy she gives is true.

A SONG written by a Lady.

A H poor *Olinda*! never boast
Of Charms that have thy
[Freedom cost,
They threw at Hearts, and thine is
[lost.
Yet none thy Ruine ought to blame,
His Wit first blew me to a Flame,
And fans it with the Wings of Fame.

I I.

In vain I do his Person shun,
I cannot from his Glory run,
That's Universal as the Sun.
In Crowds his Praises fill my Ear,
Alone his Genius does appear,
He, like a God, is ev'ry where.

A SONG written by a Person of Quality.

WH O can resist my *Celia*'s Charms?
Her Beauty wounds and Wit disarms;
When these their mighty Forces joyn,
What Heart's so strong but must resign?
Love seems to promise in her Eyes,
A kind and lasting Age of Joys;
But have a care, their Treason shun,
I look'd, believ'd, and was undone,
In vain a thousand ways I strive,
To keep my fainting Hopes alive;
My Love can never find Reward,
Since Pride and Honour is her Guard.

The

The EPILOGUE.

TRAPPOLIN suppos'd a Duke, *This Action shows*
Strange matters may depend on meer suppose.

One may suppose Masks chaste, loud Nonfence Witty,
Flatterers at Court, no Cheat i' th' City —
I am my self by one i' th' World thought Pretty.

[Pulling off his Perriwig.

Whereas you see no Lillies grow nor Roses,
So Masks for Beauty pass, that want their Noses.
The Reverend Citizen, Sixty and above,
That by poor inch of Candle buys his Love,
Supposes that his Son and Heir he Got,
But ask his Wife and she supposes not.

Mean time the Sor, whilst he's a Cuckold made,
Supposes she's at Church praying for Trade.

The Country Squire newly come up to Town,
By Parents doom'd to Lawyers dagg'd Gown,
Supposes some Bright Angel he has gotten,

In our Lewd Gallery till proving Rotten,
His Study soon he leaves for Sweating Tubs,
And Cook and Littleton, for honest Hobs.

Nor had dull Cit sent Spouse to Drink the Waters,
And found them helping to her Sons and Daughters,

Had he suppos'd when so the Belly swells,
There must be something in't besides the Wells.

There's no Man here had Married I'm afraid,
Had he not first suppos'd his Wife a Maid.

Thus, 'tis Opinion must our Peace secure,
For no Experiment can do't I'm sure.

In Paths of Love no Foot-steps e're were Trac'd,
All we can do is to suppose her Chast;

For Women are of that deep subtle kind,
The more we dive to know, the less we find.

Ah Ladies! what strange Fate still Rules us Men?
For whilst we wisely would escape the Gin,

A kind suppose still draws the Woodcocks in:
In all Affairs 'tis so, the Lawyers Baul,

And with damn'd Noise and Nonsense fill the Hall,
Supposing after Seven Years being a Drudge,

'Twill be his Fortune to be made a Judge.
All things are helpt out by suppose, but Wit;

But what shall we by That suppose to get.
Unless a kind suppose your Minds possess,

For on that Charm depends our Play's Success.
Then tho you like it not, Sirs, don't Disclose it,

But tho you are not satisf'd, suppose it.

